

Contents

Preface . . .	vii
A Traveller's Malady . . .	1
The Pole-Errant . . .	4
Crossings, with birdsong . . .	7
The Black and the Red . . .	10
Imitations of St. Francis . . .	13
Men of Marble . . .	16
Zoliborz, the salt of Warsaw . . .	19
On being European . . .	22
Exiles at home . . .	25
Rome wasn't ruined in a day; Warsaw was . . .	30
Orvieto and litcrits . . .	33
Who needs writers? . . .	35
The American Orson Wells . . .	39
Polish obscurantism and fascism . . .	42
Why these letters? . . .	47
Leba . . .	51
I am from Warsaw . . .	54
My Boxer . . .	57
Shorty . . .	60
Proving guilt without proof . . .	65
Sacred cows loll on our sidewalks . . .	68
High Noon . . .	72
Hillbilly culture and a Cossack cap . . .	76
Choosing Krakow or Warsaw . . .	80
Universal languages exclude each other . . .	84
Punishing children for not being adult . . .	87
Technology favors the executioners . . .	90
Hobbyists gain our trust . . .	94
When Poland reached its nadir . . .	97
Advantage to the hypocrite . . .	101
Youth versus age . . .	107
HollyLodz, where the surreal is actual . . .	111
Our official, invincible backstabbers . . .	115
Of smoke, dust, blood and holiday . . .	119
A forbidden, well-worth path . . .	124
Art openings can close on you . . .	128
Public and private faces . . .	131
My literature teachers . . .	135
Poland nurtures envy . . .	140
The stuntman . . .	143
Architects seek a missing contract . . .	146
Reasons for faith, the faith is reason . . .	150
End of the season . . .	153
Dream murders on the train to Warsaw . . .	158